So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
A flakie darkenesse breakes within the East,
In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudy strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leasure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweete discourse,
Which so long sundred friends should dwell vpon,
God giue leisure of these rights of loue,
Once more adiew be valiant and speede well.
*Rich.* Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
Looke one my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with heauy fall,
The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement:
That we may praise thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still.

*Enter the ghost of prince Ed. son to Henry the sixt*
*Ghost to K. Ric.* Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth
At *Tewkesbury*: dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Be cheerefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules

Of



Of butchered Princes fight
King *Henries* issue *Richmo*
*Enter the Ghost o*
*Gost to K. Ric.* When I was
By thee was punched full of
Thinke on the Tower, and
*Harrie* the sixt bids thee di
*To Rich.* Vertuous and ho
*Harrie* that Prophesied th
Doth comfort thee in thy sl
*Enter the Ghost o*
*Ghost.* Let me sit heauy o
I that was washt to death
Poore *Clarence* by thy guil
To morrow in the battell
And fall thy edgelesse swo
*To Rich.* Thou off-spring o
The wronged heires of *Yo*
Good Angels guard thy b
*Enter the ghosts o*
*Rin.* Let me sit heauy on
*Riuers*, that died at *Pomfret*
*Gray.* Thinke vpon *Gray*
*Vaugh.* Thinke vpon *Va*
Let fall thy launce, dispair
All to *Rich.* Awake and th
Will conquer him, awake
*Enter the ghost o*
*Ghost.* Bloody and guilty
And in a bloody battell en
Thinke on Lord *Hastings*
*To Rich.* Quiet vntrouble
Arme, fight and conquer fo
*Enter the Ghost*
*Ghost.* Dreame on thy co
Let vs be layd within thy
And Weigh thee downe to
Thy Nephewes soules bid
To *Rich.* Sleepe *Richmond* s

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